But if blacke ſcandall or ſo foule fac't reproach
Attend the ſequell of your impoſition,
Your meere inforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure plots and ſtaines thereof,
For God he knows and you may partly ſee,
How farre I am from the deſire thereof.

May. God bleſſe your Grace, we ſee it, and will ſay it.

Glo. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.

Buc. Then I ſalute you with this kingly title:
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands royall King.

May. Amen.

Buc. To morrow will it pleaſe you to be Crown'd?

Glo. Euen when you will, ſince you will haue it ſo.

Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.

Glo. Come let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good couſin, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene mother, Dutches of Yorke, Marqueſſe Dorſet, at one dore, Dutches of Glooeſter at another doore.

Dut. Who meets vs here, my Neece Plantagenet?

Qu. Siſter well met, whether away ſo faſt?

Dut. Glo. No farther then the Tower, and as I gueſſe,
Vpon the like deuotion as your ſelues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.

Qu. Kind ſiſter thankes, weele enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?

Lieu. Well Maddam and in health, but by your leaue,
I may not ſuffer you to viſit him,
The King hath ſtraightly charged to the contrary.

Qu. The King, why who is that?

Lieu. I cry you mercy, I meane the Lord *Protector.*

Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly title:
Hath he ſet bonds betwixt there loue and me:
I am their mother, who ſhould keepe me from them?
I am their father, mother, and will ſee them.

Dut. Glo. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:
Then

Then feare not thou; ile beare thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee on my perill.

Lieu. I doe beſeech your graces all to pardon
I am bound by oath, I may not doe it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you Ladies at an houre
And ile ſalute your Grace of *Yorke*, as mother:
And reuerend looker one, of two faire Queenes.
Come Maddam, you muſt goe with me to *West*
There to be Crowned *Richards* royall Queene.

Qu. O cut my lace in ſunder, that my pent h
May haue ſome ſcope to beate, or elſe I ſound
With this deadliking news.

Dor. Maddam haue comfort, how fares your Gr

Qu. O *Dorſet*, ſpeake not to me, get thee hence
Death and deſtruction dogs thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt ouerſtrip death, goe croſſe the Seas
And liue with *Richmond* from the race of hell,
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this ſlaughter-houſe
Leaſt thou increaſe the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of *Margrets* curſe,
Not mother, wife, nor Englands counted Queen

Stan. Full of wiſe care is this your counſell Ma
Take all the ſwift aduantage of the time,
You ſhall haue letters from me to my ſonne,
To meet you on the way and welcome you,
Be not taken tardy by vnwiſe delay.

Dut. Yor. O ill diſperſing wind of miſery,
O my accurſed wombe the bed of death,
A Cokatrice haſt thou hatcht to the world,
Whoſe vnauoyded eye is murderous.

Stan. Come Maddam, I in all haſt was ſent for.

Dut. And I in all vnwillingneſſe will goe,
I would to God that the incluſiue verge
Of goulden mettall that muſt round my brow,
Were red hot ſteele to ſeare me to the braine,
Anoynted let me be with deadly poyſon,
And die ere men can ſay God ſaue the Queene.